THE CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY, By Joseph Sugarman, Jr.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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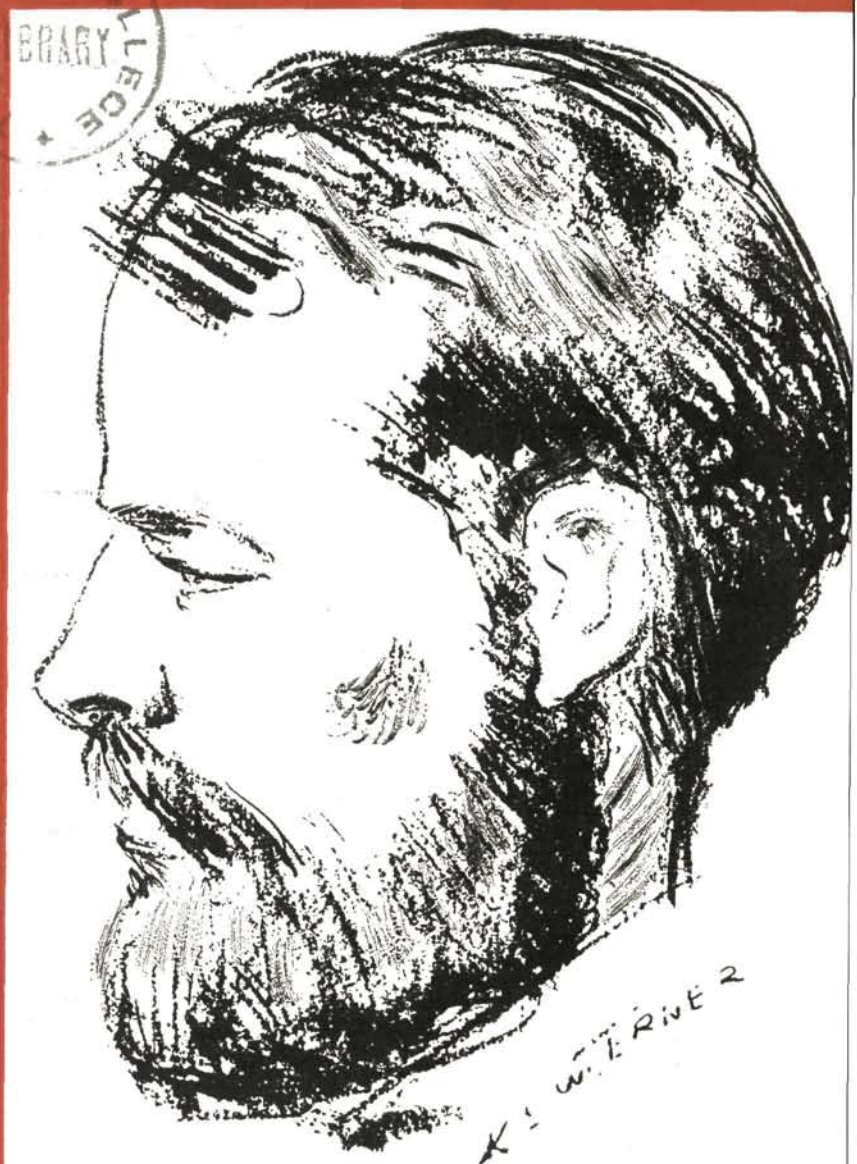

T. H. WHITE has written a gloss on Malory
(See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Campaign Biography

JOSEPH SUGARMAN, JR.

A DISCOURAGING majority of the biographies written to promote Presidential aspirations are simply the "I want to nominate a man who—" speech all over again, with a few journalistic trimmings. As political persuasion these books must enjoy their greatest success with that section of the public which is still hanging on the nominator's hoarse syllables when he finally utters the name of his candidate.

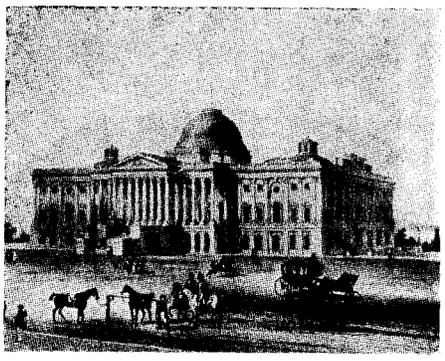
The "man who—" may also be God's Chosen Candidate, as Sherman A. Cuneo revealed of Warren G. Harding in "From Printer to President." This information, coupled with Robert M. Washburn's assertion that "God made Coolidge president," indicates that what the Democrats needed in the 1920 campaign was a celestial Hatch Act to put office-holders in Heaven out of politics.

High-priced novelists, reporters, editors, free-lance hacks, or old friends of the candidate with a passion for "telling his true story"—all—or almost all—write biographies as though they were scriptmen for the radio serial Superman. Of the thirty-odd which have been issued since 1920 only four or five at the most are convincing, documented accounts of the character, career, and opinions of their subjects. Al Smith's biographies by Norman Hapgood and Henry F. Pringle, and Franklin Roosevelt's by Ernest K. Lindley have an honesty of approach and excellence of expression which permits the reader to judge the candidate on his merits. Free from extravagant claims and mawkish adulation, the few books of this type survive as general reading matter and also as useful sources for future biographers. The rest are as useless after an election as a lapel button.

Campaign biographies antedate such old American political techniques as stumping tours and the torchlight parades. The creator of this piece of electioneering machinery seems to have been one W. M. Holland who wrote a biography of Martin Van Buren for the campaign of 1836. His observation that Van Buren's rise from lowly estate to the candidacy for the Presidency should be regarded as "an encouraging example to the young men of our country" laid the basis of a Horatio Alger pattern from which few of his successors have deviated.

Two deviators were Nathaniel Hawthorne and William Dean Howells. Against his better judgment Hawthorne obliged his Bowdoin classmate and close friend, General Franklin Pierce, with a biography for the campaign of 1852. He displayed an unequalled frankness in his statement that Pierce, a compromise choice of the Democratic convention, was inferior to the deadlocked contenders. With his reputation yet to be made in 1860, Howells was grateful for the assignment of the official biography of Abraham Lincoln; then, sixteen years later he interrupted his editorial activity at the *Atlantic Monthly* to perform the same service for his fellow Ohioan and cousin by marriage, Rutherford B. Hayes.

BOTH novelists produced biographies that were an improvement over all that had come before and most that were to follow, but only indirectly did literature of permanent value derive from their political venturing. Pierce rewarded Hawthorne with a consulship at Liverpool which paved the road to Rome and "The Marble Faun." Lincoln sent Howells to Venice, also as consul, and the young author's "Venetian Life" brought an invitation to return to Boston, Mass.



(From a lithograph by Deroy after a drawing by Köllner)

The Capitol in 1840

That no subsequent campaign biographers have received European consulships is probably no loss to American letters. Too many reveal the author's caliber at the very outset for the reader to believe otherwise. The presidential build-up often begins on the first page, sometimes practically at the moment of the candidate's birth. In "Farley and Tomorrow" John T. Casey and James Bowles describe the village doctor at Grassy Point as announcing to "a gaunt and kindly-faced Irishman who stood in the mixed emotions of excited expectancy and hopeful prayer (this would be James Aloysius Farley, Sr.-to-be). 'There's a future president of the United States waiting to see you in the next room.'" According to Theodore Huntley, John W. Davis's aunt was a little subtler; she laid the new-born Davis in his mother's arms and proclaimed "in behalf of the family: 'He is a noble Roman.'" On the whole, however, birth is the one event taken for granted and appears only as a necessary prelude to locating the infant statesman in a log cabin (or a reasonable facsimile), from which he can be sped through two-hundred pages to the door of the White House.

When a piece of Presidential timber is hewn from a clapboard or shingled house the legend can either be tactfully ignored or boldly adapted, as was done by Washburn in his biography of Coolidge, subtitled "From Cornerstone to Capstone to the Accession." In italic type the author states categorically, "This is another story of the Log Cabin to the White House." Then in body type he admits, "It is true that our hero did not come from as far back as Lincoln (presumably no one after Lincoln could have been born in a log cabin). He has gone as far, however," Washburn explains, "for while he may not have been born in a log cabin it must not be forgotten that the civilization of his day has advanced. Relatively his termini have been as far apart." M. E. Hennessey also flirted with linking Coolidge to the legend by using the subtitle, "From

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a Green Mountain Farm to the White House" and hoping the reader would do the rest.

The candidate's ancestry has been used either to pad the volume with pages upon pages of "begats" or to demonstrate his heritage of commonsense, humanitarianism, liberalism, etc. Stanley Walker's emphasis upon Willkie's grandparents' flight to the United States from Prussianism, and Earle Looker's portrait of James Roosevelt as the beneficent squire of Hyde Park are classic campaign biography. The Colonial ancestors of Harding, Coolidge, Roosevelt, and Dewey have all been systematically Americanized by their quest for political or religious freedom. In "Concentrated New England," Kenneth Roberts, the first novelist since Howells to write a campaign biography, carries Americanism back even farther, farther, in fact, than any of Coolidge's other biographers. He offers Coolidge as the first original American presidential candidate. Roberts concedes biology's concealment of the evidence of Indian descent, but insists with a flourish, "the Indian blood, like the Star Spangled Banner, is still there."

Save for Marquis James's effort to link "Cactus Jack" Garner with Sir Robert Walpole through his grandmother's Walpole kinfolk, association of the candidate with illustrious figures of the past is generally limited to presidents or near-presidents of the United States. Disdain for run-of-the-mill Presidents and awe for Washington have combined to make Lincoln a hard-used presidential touchstone. Teddy Roosevelt seems on the verge of coming into his own with liberal Republicans, while Coolidge is emerging as the hero of their conservative co-politicos. Lincoln's preëminence seems secure, however; Coolidge, Smith, Garner, Landon, Harding, and Willkie have all been made to waddle in his boots.

Stanley Walker's recounting that a young editorial writer characterized Willkie as "The Abe Lincoln of Wall Street" is no worse than the average clutch for Father Abraham's coattails. As the first farm boy in more than a generation to be put up for President, Coolidge offered his biographers a field day. And they took it. E. E. Whiting discovered that if Coolidge were elected in 1924 he would be the same age upon his inaugural as Lincoln was on March 4, 1861, and Horace Green (the only publisher of standing who ever wrote a campaign biography) found a parallel between two great men in moral crises, *i.e.*, Coolidge in the midst of the Boston police strike and Lincoln in the midst of the Civil War. Like Walker and other biographers, Whiting and Green use the device of suggesting that it is "others" who consider such coincidences and parallels important. They are, of course, no less honest than the attorney who slips an extra-legal statement past the judge's "Strike that from the record!"

For sheer mass production of coincidence and similarity Theodore Huntley's three solid pages of comparisons between John W. Davis and Thomas Jefferson are unmatched. At the outset are the indisputable facts that both were born on April 13, both had mothers who were well-educated, both were lawyers, and both began their careers in the state legislature. Thereafter maintaining the parallelism becomes a little harder, but Huntley makes an heroic effort by pointing out that Jefferson was President of the American Philosophical Society and Davis was President of the American Bar Association; that Jefferson was minister to France and Davis was ambassador to Great Britain; and that Jefferson entered Congress at the age of 33 and Davis at 37. Regretfully he observes that Davis, while a violinist like Jefferson, "has closely guarded the degree of his proficiency," and he doubts that he could qualify as the expert performer Jefferson was known to be.

IN his zeal for facts about Harding, Sherman Cuneo made Huntley look like an idler at his research. His collection of Harding's uniquenesses is one of the most impressive monuments to the American interest in "firsts." The reader has his word that:

> President Harding was the first member of either Senate or House to become president while serving in that capacity; the first newspaperman to be elected to the presidency; the first Republican presidential candidate since reconstruction days to carry any state that seceded from the Union; the first son of a veteran of the Civil War to become president; the first man to be elected president whose father was still leading an active business life; the first Baptist to be elected president; the first candidate for the presidency to be elected with woman suffrage in full force.

From such heights the candidate is then plummeted to the level of the reader-voter. By presenting his boyhood, education, and family life as average American the biographer insinuates that his man is the most recent proof that any likely lad can become President. Young "Cal," "Bertie" or "Frank," as the boyish candidates are chummily referred to, romp through the first few chapters as youngsters who would have surely been Boy Scouts, had that organization been in existence when they were boys. When the candidate has come up from comfortable surroundings, or better, great

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Arthurian Cycle

THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT. by T. H. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 291 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THOSE who have read the earlier volumes of Mr. White's Arthurian cycle will know what to expect of this third volume. They will expect the fantasy and satire and playful nonsense of "The Sword in the Stone," and the comedy and farce and burlesque of "The Witch in the Wood." They will look for a shrewd understanding of human nature, humorously and whimsically displayed. They will look for the retelling of an old tale in a diction that permits modern slang to jostle medieval magniloquence and chivalric jargon. They will expect gay, anachronistic jugglery: chivalry discussed and explained in terms of cricket; anti-Arthurian knights swearing by the Old School Tie; concentration camps in slightly magical forests. They will, in short, anticipate a diverting salmagundi of things old and new.

All these they will find. But they will find more and something better than they found in the tale of young Kay and the Wart, or in the farcical history of amorous Queen Morgause. Because, you see, the Ill-Made Knight is Lancelot, and this is the story of the love that consumed him and Guenever; of the triangular relationship of Lancelot and Guenever and Arthur (which became a quadrangular affair with the introduction of God): and when Mr. White came to the telling of *that* story he could not, and doubtless would not, remain on the levels of comedy, farce, and burlesque. Instead, he rose to and with his subject. Rewriting a great love story, he wrote as greatly as he could. And he made an astonishingly fine job of it.

The comedy and farce and burlesque are all there, of course, but what emerges from them and rises above them is a human drama older than Malory, a novel as modern and moving and complex as "Anna Karenina." Mr. White has dug in the legendary soil of the "Morte d'Arthur" for the emotional and psychological roots of its immortal figures. (Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that he has explored his own knowledge of men and women and living.) Not content with saying, This is what they did, he has asked, Why did they do it? and, What did the doing mean to them? And his answers, given with power and beauty as well as with humorous insight, transform those figures into characters in the fullest meaning of the word. He has modernized his material without perverting or corrupting it. That is a remarkable achievement. He has written a gloss on Malory, yes; he has interpreted Malory; he has stood on Malory's mighty shoulders. But such actions, as he has performed them, amount to literary creation.

Mr. White follows his master closely or at a distance, as it best suits his purpose; but in the main, so far as mere action goes, he is a close follower, and sometimes a verbal borrower. On the other hand, it has pleased him to give Lancelot an extraordinarily ugly face, whereas Malory calls Lancelot "the fairest knight," and translates "the Chevalier Mal Fet" as "the knight that hath trespassed." It has also pleased Mr. White to delay, with great effectiveness the resumption of lovemaking by Lancelot and Guenever after the knight's discovery of God. And, even more importantly and with entire success, he has merged the character of Elaine, daughter of Pelles and mother of Galahad, with that of Elaine le Blank, of Astolat, who, according to the old tale, died "a clean maiden," slain by unrequited love. This composite Elaine is quite a character, although less glamorous than the three of Camelot, and she is Mr. White's very own. Did I say the famous affair was four-cornered? Well, it was really five-cornered; and Elaine, in her quiet way, held up her end.

"The Ill-Made Knight" closes with the healing of Sir Urre. This means that Mr. White has two more books of the "Morte d'Arthur" on which to draw: those most "piteous" books of all, with their tragic tale of love exposed, the siege of Joyous Gard, the great battle in which Arthur died, the separate ends of Guenever and Lancelot, and the "weeping and dolour out of measure." Those books could, and probably will, serve Mr. White richly. And then, one wonders, will he turn to pure invention or will he find some other old tale fit for his recreative hand? Whatever his choice, he has already proved that he can write just about as well as he chooses to write.

The Stechers Again

IN THE MONEY. By William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1940. 382 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THREE years ago critics hailed a new talent in native fiction when Dr. Williams's "White Mule" appeared. Readers who enjoyed the earlier adventures of the Stecher family will like this further chronicle of Joe and Gurlie and their daughters, as will other readers, for "In the Money" is an independent, complete novel in itself. "In the Money" has three spires of interest: the success story of Joe Stecher, a canny David who battles against an almost invincible Goliath of graft and intrenched big business in order to establish his own firm and get in on the big money; then there is the absorbing picture of middle-class domestic life, delightfully and uncomfortably genuine and American; finally there is the amazing study of the children, all but unique in American fiction.

Dr. William Carlos Williams is a practising pediatrician, who shuns the sentimental and whimsical when writing of children, but who describes them as human beings, not case histories. The three themes fuse successfully, and although the novel is not exactly written in high spirits, for the author does not want the serious import of this early twentieth century saga obscured, it is flecked with humor and salty with reality. It is written objectively: the novelist has no axe to grind, no economic, social, or political prejudices to dictate scene or character.

"In the Money" is well written. Dr. Williams's severe word-apprenticeship as an Imagist poet twenty-five years ago has served him well. Eighty years ago another physician who wrote novels and poetry, Dr. O. W. Holmes, warned a very young writer named Thomas Bailey Aldrich: "You are an epicure in words and your danger is that of becoming a verbal voluptuary —the end of which is rhythmical gout and incurable poetic disorder." The strict discipline of the Imagists, with their insistence on the exact word, the sharp picture, the simple outline, may have helped save William Carlos Williams from such literary distempers. His prose, authentic American, is firm and uncluttered, sharp and vivid, yet refreshingly free of the merely showy vernacular.

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The Intractable Mr. Churchill

WINSTON CHURCHILL. By René Krauss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1940. 366 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THAT Winston Churchill is, in war time, a great leader, can not be disputed. That he is one of the greatest orators of modern times and that some of his perorations are worthy of Demosthenes, seem no less certain. That he made more than once, in his political life, costly mistakes is a fact. But his faults were the inevitable consequences of his qualities, and all things considered, the verdict of history will probably be that he was, for his country, a great man.

"There are times," says of him H. G. Wells, "when the evil spirit comes upon him, and then I can only think of him as an intractable little boy, a mischievous, dangerous little boy, a knee-worthy little boy. Only by thinking of him in that way can I go on liking him." Yes, there was often something of the spoilt child in Winston Churchill. The last time I saw him was in Arras, at General Gort's headquarters. Pale under his red hair, cheerful, petulant, he was smoking a big cigar and ordering the generals about. "D. M. I."! he shouted, "come here! . . ." The D. M. I. was the Director of Military Intelligence, General Mac Farlane. Winston Churchill had forgotten his name. The General did not mind; as a matter of fact, none of the generals was in a mood to criticize; they loved their "Winston" just as he was, and it is true that he had many an endearing trait.

First of all, he was brave. "Adventures are to the adventurers," said Disraëli. Winston Churchill was born adventurous and his life has been a long adventure. Read in Mr. Krauss's book the story of his escape from the Boers during his war in Transvaal, and of his expedition to Antwerp. No writer of fiction, no Dumas, no Stevenson ever imagined better tales. I have seen him in 1915, at the front, when he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. I was then attached to the IXth Division, of which the Royal Scots were part. Suddenly, one day, after the tragedy of the Dardanelles, we were told that Winston had resigned his post as a cabinet minister, and would join us as a soldier. Most of the officers were at first diffident, and even hostile. "We don't want a politician as our colonel," they said; "this is no parliamentary game; this is a war." They soon changed their mind, for the new colonel knew what war was, and proved as courageous as any of his men, which was saying a great deal. Only they never forgave him for wearing a French helmet. He always had a curious liking for strange and unexpected headgears.

European

The young gentleman quite obviously is Winston Churchill, shown here at the age of seven.

Second endearing trait: a hard fighter, the fight and forgives easily as soon as the fight is over. During the war in Transvaal, he was a prisoner of the Boers; after the war, no Englishman was more in favor of a reconciliation; no one advocated more generous peace terms. Even to fallen Germany, after the first World War, he offered an outstretched hand. In interior politics he treated with fairness, nay, with respect, Neville Chamberlain whom he replaced as Prime Minister and who had long kept him out of power. I think, personally, that he did not handle at all well the French situation since the armistice, but that was because he was badly advised. His last speech on the subject seems to imply that he understands and regrets the past.

Third element of greatness: he loves England, English history, and the English language. We are told by his present biographer that, when he was at Harrow, he did not excel in the study of the Greek and Latin classics. But he read and loved the great English writers and now he has himself become a classic. Most of his war time speeches are admirable. Not only are they animated by a noble spirit, but the choice of words, the dignity and restraint, make them unforgettable works of art. "England is a democracy because she is an aristocracy," once said Professor Ernest Barker. It was the good luck of England to find, in the darkest hour of her destiny, a leader who was an aristocrat of style and could give to her heroic defense the finishing touch of beauty.

Mr. Krauss has done his research work conscienciously and, as far as the past is concerned, his information is quite accurate. The only trouble with him, as a biographer and historian, is that he allows sometimes his present passions and sentiments to tamper with the facts. Coming events, with him, cast their shadows not before them, but behind them. The men he dislikes today can never have been right yesterday. At times, towards the end, his book becomes a political pamphlet, which no biography should ever be, but when the evil spirit does not come upon him, he is a good and reliable chronicler.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED CHARACTER WEARS

Clothes not only make the man but often they make literary characters linger in our memories. Do you recognize these persons from the descriptions of their distinctive wearing apparel? Allow 5 points for each character, and another 5 if you can also name the author who created him. A score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 22.

1. He wore a red coat, blue trousers, and purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.
2. After being jilted on her wedding night, she continued thereafter to wear her wedding dress, lace veil, satin shoes, and bridal flowers.
3. To win his lady love he wore yellow stockings and cross garters.
4. He wore a beautiful cravat (or was it a belt?) that was given to him by the king for an un-birthday present.
5. Needing a new dress for a business trip, she made one out of some green velvet curtains.
6. Her dancing costume consisted of seven veils.
7. This poor little girl was so delighted at having a *pair* of shoes that she told the news to everyone she met.
8. His queer long coat from heel to head was half of yellow and half of red.
9. She had three lilies in her hand, and the stars in her hair were seven.
10. He wore a belt on which he had stitched the motto: "Seven at one blow."

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"The Immigrants Arrive," from the engraving by William John Hennessy

The All-American Dream

FROM MANY LANDS. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 350 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

THIS book renders a great and timely service, coming as it does in the midst of all the current discussion of American democracy and the American way of life—and of "fifth columns." It helps mightily to lower those walls of ignorance and misunderstanding that cause old-stock Americans and new Americans to eye each other uncomfortably, uneasily, perhaps suspiciously. Not that this situation is entirely of recent origin, but there seems to be more consciousness of it than usual. Indeed, the different groups of new Americans are not wholly comfortable in their relations one with another.

Mr. Adamic introduces us—and by "us" I mean his readers, not only us old Americans—to those Americans born in other lands or born here of immigrant parentage. He not merely introduces us, he makes us acquainted; and he does this by telling us true stories about them, telling their life histories, sometimes as individuals, sometimes as families. It is a book full of people, with joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, successes and failures like the rest of us, yet with differences in these common kinds of experience. There are difficulties and frustrations because of race or foreign-ness, but there is also in these tales the equal truth of individual achievement and group contribution—some of the beauty as well as the hardship of life. Otherwise the author's method would not be so effective.

We meet the German-Jew, a brilliant and highly successful dermatologist, who always feels himself on trial and ill at ease when called into consultation with his Gentile colleagues of the medical profession, and so is not quite at his best in such circumstances. One can easily imagine, of course, that a Gentile doctor might feel and act very much the same way, even in America, if the circumstances were reversed, but this would not alter the essential point of the story. Then there is a young American of Japanese parentage, described in his own words as "an orphan in relation both to America and to Japan." His father is so afflicted with a sense of inferiority that "he poses before the mirror in his shop, pulling the skin around his eyes this way and that as if trying to straighten them, experimenting how he might look as a Caucasian." The son, by reason of his father's emotional state, is treated with such sadistic cruelty as to make his own problems of adjustment a hundred times harder. In these scores of stories about people from many lands are shown the difficulties encountered in the pursuit of normal activities, ambitions, and aspirations: the quest of education, jobs, love, and marriage, participation in community life.

There are people here from Croatia, Slovenia, Bohemia, Armenia, Finland, Pomerania, Holland, and Mexico; but only in the Appendix, with its questionnaires and responses in letter form, is there very much mention of Russians, Germans, Italians, or Negroes. We may hear more of them in a later volume, as this is the first of a series of books of similar type, dealing with the experiences in America, and the actual and potential contributions to American life, of many racial and national groups.

As the author makes abundantly clear, the harms done by racial and nationalistic prejudice, within America, are not visited upon its immediate victims alone. They are harms to America. They represent not only a tremendous waste of the human resources of America, but also a great loss in the cultural contributions that so-called foreign groups might make if the groups and their contributions were accepted. Apparently he does not mean merely the artistic designs that an Italian fruit-vendor or a Japanese nut-picker might contribute, if given a chance; he means the opportunity of every member of every racial and national and cultural group in America to lead his own individual and group and American life in such a way as to make this country not only the land of promise for its newcomers but the land of fulfillment for all concerned. To learn and demonstrate the art of living together—all of us, many groups from many lands—in a spirit of harmony and full and friendly coöperation: that in itself would be a cultural achievement of the first magnitude.

It is not merely that "they"—the new Americans—have to live with "us"—the old-stock Americans; or that "we" have to live with "them." We all of us have to live somehow together; we are one people whether we like it or not.

I am not quite sure whether Mr. Adamic in this book is more a story teller, or a sociologist, or an American patriot. My guess is that in the present case he is all three, though born himself in Yugoslavia.

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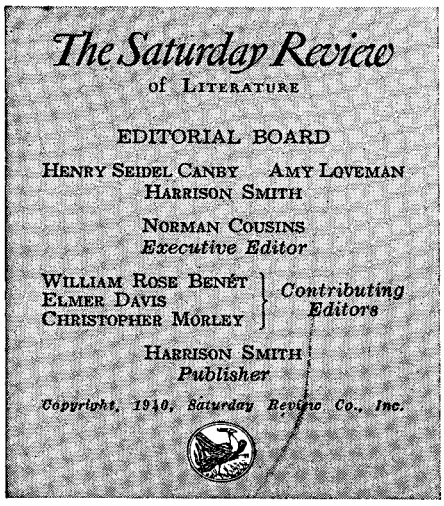

NO TIME FOR COMEDY?

ONE of the dislocations attendant on the transition from a nothing-can-touch-us economy to a we'd-better-get-ready economy is already apparent in the literature business, reflected in the countless debates now going on as to what writers ought to write about—the old antithesis between the dust of battle and the ivory tower, but now with a far more immediate and urgent application. From one point of view, of course, there is no argument; writers ought to write about what they feel like writing about. But this counsel of perfection has not been too closely followed in the United States of late years; the larger part of American literary production represents not what a writer wants to write about, but what he (or his agent, or his publisher, or his pet magazine editor) thinks the customers want him to write about. The tendency is not to be condemned offhand; authors are not exempt from the general human inclination to eat, and they may legitimately hope that whatever they have to say will find as large and as receptive an audience as possible. For the writer who has something to say on current topics, and wants large numbers of people to hear it, inclination and advantage coincide; but the times are hard and may presently be harder, on those whose talent is for entertainment, or for comedy.

Any psychologist, I suppose, would say that both these types should be encouraged—the comedian especially—for their contribution to the national effort, a contribution which they make by doing their stuff rather than by trying to step out of character. The man who is working hard can work harder and better if he gets occasional relaxation, especially the relaxation of laughter. But that implies something that he can laugh at, and our comic writers may find themselves increasingly hard up for topics.

A couple of examples may serve as guide posts; and one who has no time to read books unless they deal with the Situation finds it easier as well as less invidious to choose examples from another art. The most successful comedy picture of the summer was the unpretentious but delightful "I Love You Again," which had nothing to do with the current disorders. It was a period piece, but of a period recent enough to be familiar; it was indeed the world of April, 1940, which we shall never see again but to whose total disappearance many people have not yet been able to adjust themselves. Its problems, such as they were, were purely personal, and so odd that the customers could never get a twinge of too personal sympathy.

Much more ambitious and much less successful was the production of one of the most distinguished artists of our time—"The Great Dictator." The common objection to it is that the ending was out of keeping with the rest; that the pseudo-dictator's speech, while all very well if you had read it in Dorothy Thompson's column or at the *Herald-Tribune* Forum or the even heard it from Charles Chaplin Town Hall, was as impossible for the character he was playing as it was incongruous with the rest of the picture. But some of us had felt a more profound incongruity long before that; two stories had been combined, in alternating sections, and a trick in which some literary critics discerned Great Art when William Faulkner did it made less impression on their harder-boiled colleagues who cover the movies. Especially since one of these stories was comedy, the other tragedy. The root difficulty in "The Great Dictator" is simply that Hitler and his doings are no longer funny.

Any writer in any field might learn from this the useful lesson of obsolescence of ideas. "The Great Dictator" had been on the fire for years; in 1934 or even in 1935 Hitler and Mussolini still had their legitimate comic aspects. But in 1940 you can't laugh them off. As Chaplin doubtless recognized as he got deeper into production; for the fact is that "The Great Dictator" is essentially a quite effective tragic picture, into which have been interpolated some farcical scenes—funny enough in themselves, but out of tune with the rest.

There is a touch of tragedy, of course, in most Chaplin pictures; but the tragic aspects of "The Gold Rush" and "Modern Times" were of a different order. In "Modern Times" to be sure the machine age was something of a villain, but there were tragic touches in that picture which were simply the *lacrimae rerum*, a recognition of the uncomfortable conditions of being human. Tragedy and comedy could be effectively intermingled, as they are in Shakespeare, because the tragedy dealt with universals valid at all times—things that happen to us because we are human, and will go on happening even when the battle flags are furled and the front pages will have no more exciting news than debates in the Parliament of Man. But the tragedy in "The Great Dictator" is not something that inevitably happens and always will happen; it is something that is being done to us, or to people like us. No amount of slapstick can make those ghetto scenes funny, with their pervading background of perpetual menacing terror; the most Aryan of spectators cannot help feeling about them just as a Jew would feel, now that most of Europe

(*Continued on page* 12)

And Tomorrow

By Ben Ray Redman

MIND turns upon itself to kill:
The suicidal flesh lays bare
Its own doomed heart: the lethal will
Forbids the servile hand to spare.

Were this the death that brings release,
Then might we sink in thankfulness:
Shut weary eyes, be glad to cease:
Put off the hair-shirt of distress:

Call quits to all for which we fought,
Give over dreams for nullity:
Forgetful that we ever wrought,
Contented to no longer be.

But in this dying there's no rest.
The old ascent begins again:
The stone bears down upon the breast—
And Sisyphus renews his pain.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thoreau and Women

SIR:—May I, somewhat hesitantly, abstract, from a review of my biography of "Thoreau" in the October *American Historical Review* by Professor Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., of Columbia, an item of the greatest interest to lovers of Thoreau which should be brought to the attention of students of American literature as well as historians. I have dealt at length in my biography of the mysterious woman who tried to marry Thoreau and made him complain bitterly to Emerson that his career was threatened. Thanks to an unpublished family letter and an unpublished portion of a letter from Emerson to Thoreau, I was able to build up a reasonable surmise that it was neither a young girl named Ford who might have loved him, nor Margaret Fuller who, just possibly, would have liked to love him, but an obscure Sophia Foord, friend of Lydia Emerson and teacher of her children, who made such an unwanted contribution to Thoreau's emotional contacts. Some natural skepticism as to the validity of my conclusions was expressed, for the tradition that Thoreau was a cold and sexless man unattractive to women, dies hard in academic breasts. Professor Bestor, however, has discovered what was the missing link in my testimony—the words of the woman herself. I quote:

> Mr. Canby's conjectures are . . . vindicated by an unnoted passage in the biography of Elizabeth Buffum Chace by Zillie B. C. and Arthur C. Wyman (Boston, 1914, 1,131). In 1854, five years after the rumor of her suicide . . ., Miss Sophia Foord (her name was often so spelled in Concord) . . ., a dark-skinned, pudgy-featured woman, "was serving as governess in the abolitionist household of Mrs. Chace. She taught botany by means of field trips, and her pupils felt that she "brought Concord to Valley Folk (R. J.)" In private moments she "confided to Mrs. Chace her convictions that Thoreau's soul was twin to hers, and that in 'the other world' her spirit and his would be united."

I am sorry that the mysterious lady proves to have been pudgy-faced," but what, for those who know Thoreau and Transcendentalism, a situation is revealed in the Emerson household, where both man and woman were in residence! It is a theme for Eugene O'Neill!

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Clinton, Conn.

"What's Wrong with Authors!"

SIR:—In your October 12 issue Mr Cerf told "what's wrong with authors?," but he didn't include mention of the now epidemic tendency to stumble and fall over the phrase "tend to" (knitting, for instance). Is it generally thought that "attend to" sounds pedantic? Or isn't it known that "tend" in this sense is a transitive verb, requiring no preposition? If writers refuse to choose between these extreme alternatives, won't they at least use an apostrophe for a crutch to get them over the obstacle? It may sound like baby-talk to say "I'll 'tend to my knitting and you 'tend to yours"; but at least it won't *look,* in print, like la belle Malaprop.

This is doubtless a picayune matter. For years I have merely gnashed the teeth in silence (a neat trick in any week), but I am stirred to audibility when even so respected a semanticist as Mr. J. Chamberlain (in the same issue with Mr. Cerf) lets fly such a conditional clause as: "If the United States could grow so great merely by tending to its knitting. . . . " The cause and the development of this country's past or future greatness are not picayune matters. If there is truth in another of Mr. Chamberlain's observations, concerning our "verbal reflexes" ("Simply because we have been taught to respond to the phrases of 'liberty,' 'equality,' and 'freedom,' we are safe no matter what the economic *form* of the future"), then there might be danger from promiscuous solecistic use of the phrase "tend to knitting":—there might be danger that if the country is to grow more great by "attending to knitting" and yet goes about talking of "tending to knitting," the upshot will be a nation of pseudo-knitters who, not knowing quite what they mean, merely "have a tendency" toward their proper business, instead of "really doing" something about it. Can you imagine Candide, for instance, merely "tending to" his garden?—no apostrophe, no baby-talk, no anything!

HANSELL BAUGH.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Travers hasn't been human since he got that personal rejection slip from *Startling Stories.*"

County Editors and Teachers

SIR:—Mr. Richards' letter published in the issue of Oct. 19th interests me. In the first place, I like his opinion of the *Review* since I too feel that it has helped me to crystallize my opinions and served to clarify many issues. Secondly, as an ex-schoolteacher and current small newspaper woman, I naturally found his letter provocative. Many of us do not wish to be throttled and rendered passive by increasing restrictions upon our ways of thinking. Yet as Mr. Richards so truly said, we hesitate to become avowed reformers because we lack a substantial and specific substitute for our present dilemma.

The country editor's low opinion of schoolteachers must unfortunately be the result of keen observation and discernment. It has been my experience, however, that in the eastern part of this country there exist many laudable attempts and some few successes in the field of education. But these cases are much too far apart in the intellectually barren wasteland. I share Mr. Richards's disgust for the dangerous and revolting insularity of most teachers. The government is gradually goose-stepping its way into the teaching system, exacting "points" that are purely numerical.

MARTHA F. LEYS.

Wynnewood, Penna.

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Christian Diplomacy

NOT TO ME ONLY. By Caleb Frank Gates. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1940. 340 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY N. MACCRACKEN

MAYBE personal friendships, and what Irving Babbitt used to call "romantic *souvenir*," have biassed me. But I don't think so. It seems to me a well-considered judgment, that the American missionary-educator is one of the strongest and best-defined types that our country has produced since the Civil War.

These Purchas-pilgrims of the twentieth century are scattered everywhere; in Japan, China, India, South America; and most of all in the Near East, from Sofia to Assiut. They have just been ousted from Persia. They have contributed to world education in a degree far above their numerical value. Some of the best of them have become educational statesmen of the first rank. Among these is Caleb Frank Gates, as portrayed in his autobiography.

A rebellion in Crete, and the chance visit of an American warship at Constantinople, were slyly combined by the missionaries into a seeming threat, and Robert College won its charter from a bewildered vizier. No mean diplomats were these gentle missionaries, who kept their colleges open when Turkey and America were at swords' point; whose schools sheltered Armenian refugees time after time; and who gave an education in practical democracy and applied Christianity to hundreds of young Moslems throughout the intensest periods of religious fanaticism. And when our Senate, with its customary lack of insight, failed to ratify the Lausanne Treaty, it was not the fault of Caleb Frank Gates.

Good providers, too. When Caleb Gates went to Robert College in 1903, it had three hundred thousand dollars of endowment; before he left in 1932 he had added four millions to that sum. And reflect, please, on what happened in Istanbul during those years; the regimes of Abdul Hamid, of Enver and Talaat Pashas, of Mustapha Kemal.

Cosmopolitan citizens of the world. It may be doubted whether even Paris had a wider range of society to offer than the president's house at Robert College. Now the Sheikh-el-Islam, now admirals and generals, now the ambassadors of all the powers, archaeologists and spies, tourists by hundreds from every land. Eleven religions in the faculty, and students of many races and languages. Nothing held them together but the atmosphere of toleration and good work in the classroom, characteristic of an American college. Dr. Gates's door was open to all, but he kept his head cool and was never misled. He labored in relief after massacre and war, with equal poise, with the same disinterestedness, the same positive emphasis.

At Mardin, in his first Turkish years, he spoke Arabic in his sermons. At Harput he taught in an American High School. At Istanbul, it was, of course, Turkish. But he spent a year at Geneva to learn French for the social life of Constantinople. He had studied in Germany in his youth. But with all his languages, he made insects his hobby, and wide was his field of observation in Turkish Khans. Scorpions and tarantulas were his pets; but he found time to botanize, and German systematists called one of his finds the *iris gatesii*. He and his three sons played baseball with the students, and he laid out Istanbul's first golf course. When revolutions came too close, he gave the boys a holiday "to see the effect of the bombardments."

In a word, the gift of American education to the Near East is just as wonderful an event as the gift of Renaissance scholarship by Byzantine scholars to Italy in the sixteenth century. A renaissance of democracy sprang up in the old lands where Athens once held sway. It was not a mere jest when Ismet Pasha (Inönü) said to Caleb Gates, "we are colleagues."

Dr. Gates's book is a simple, clear, and modest narrative of a busy life. What is remarkable is the wisdom and good sense in every paragraph, the calm analysis of missionary work, with its pitfalls and tediums, and the love of every race in the Levant. Gates gives the best description of the true Armenian character I have read, and champions the race. But he admires the Turkish peasant also. Nor is there any bitterness against the Kurdish robber.

Whatever is to be the fate of the Near East colleges, the past is secure; and it is an honorable one, a golden page in the history of American democratic education. Caleb Gates's book, with all his modesty, is a notable addition to the literature of this romantic venture in Christian diplomacy.

Henry Noble MacCracken is president of Vassar College.

Of the Presidency

THE PRESIDENT: Office and Powers. History and Analysis of Practice and Opinion. By Edward S. Corwin. New York: New York University Press. 1940. 476 *pp., with index.* $5.

PRESIDENTIAL LEADERSHIP. The Political Relations of Congress and the Chief Executive. By Pendleton Herring. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 173 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

"ON all great subjects much remains to be said." In respect of the most powerful elective office in the world, whose holder lives in The White House, Washington, D. C., John Stuart Mill's dictum is less true now than it was a few weeks ago. Harold Laski said a good deal in his "The American Presidency"—a brilliant essay supporting the thesis that Congress must reconcile itself to presidential authority and leadership, and declaring confidence in and admiration for President Roosevelt. Laski's book probably skimmed the cream of interest in the institution to which an election has just been held, but the books of Messrs. Corwin and Herring—quite different in their method of attack and in the matters that they cover—should have many readers, for both are competent productions.

Mr. Corwin's treatise is largely on the constitutional law of the presidential office and, in so far as the law is silent, on the customs and precedents which have spoken out. Although the volume is well made and the typography is attractive, it is extremely difficult to read. Three hundred and sixty pages of text are followed by more than one hundred pages of footnotes in exceedingly fine print, and it is a task of more than a moment to find the footnote reference to a particular statement in the text. This arrangement, however, permits everything to be put down and the ground which Mr. Corwin has ploughed need hardly be ploughed again—at least for some years.

He, as I have said, is more interested in law than in politics. On the third term, for example, after a brief discussion of the intentions of the framers, a summary mention of the "taboo" as affecting Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and Coolidge, Mr. Corwin has less than a page on "the merits of the question." "It is impossible," he says, "to adjudicate at all nicely between the contending arguments, in as much as the values they oppose to one another are frequently incommensurate." Declining to be a judge he

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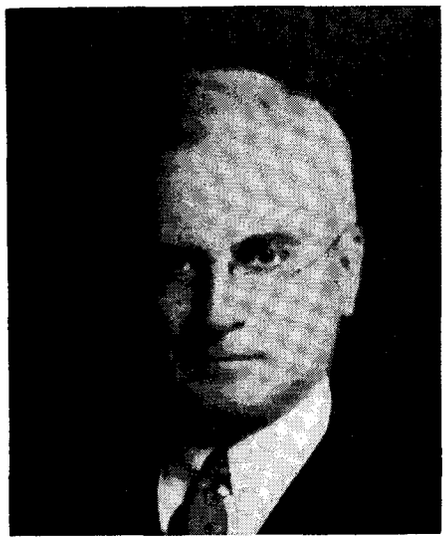

Edward S. Corwin

nevertheless dons the mantle of a prophet and adds: "One thing is, nevertheless, fairly certain: if the anti-third term taboo is once set aside, it will take a long time for an anti-fourth term or anti-fifth term taboo to develop. In a word, the presidential term will become indefinite—just what in 1787 it was expected to be!"

In respect of the President as commander-in-chief, to take another example of Mr. Corwin's method, there is a brief statement on relations with commanders in the field and on his legal powers to agree to an armistice, to acquire territory, and to appoint and dismiss officers. There is silence on the nature of the instruments through which the President exercises his powers, their efficiency, and the way in which they work. One cannot quarrel with this emphasis, because the author is attempting only "a study in Public Law." In his last chapter, however, he does deal with the President as "popular leader and legislator" and seems to favor a proposal that the President "construct his Cabinet, not as at present from the heads of the executive departments, but from such leading members of Congress as he may choose"; or "a nuclear Cabinet, so to speak, out of those heads of departments whose activities are of general and constant political significance—say the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney General—and the aforementioned leaders of the houses." Why these officials rather than the heads of the service departments, the Postmaster General, or even, at least in these days, the Secretary of Labor, is not stated. Nor are the pros and cons discussed at any length. But no matter. Mr. Corwin's subject is political anatomy not political physiology. On the former he is one of the leading authorities in the country and in this treatise the statement of his principles is always clear, not infrequently felicitous.

Physiology is what interests Mr. Herring. His volume is a well reasoned and frequently provocative essay on the nature of the presidential office: on the political basis of presidential power; congressional behavior; methods of presidential control; proposals for change; the president's entourage; the limits of presidential responsibility; and the strength of presidential leadership. In the main, Mr. Herring would not challenge Mr. Laski's principal thesis that power—both legal and political—has to be vested in the chief executive and that the other organs of government should then devote themselves primarily to scrutinizing the use of the power, and, if necessary, to taming its exercise.

But if our representative system is to work, is it not essential that the occupant of the presidency be an artist who is unwilling to debase his talent in order to draw popular applause and have a good box office? From what have the democracies suffered most in recent years? Is it not from men who attached greater importance to holding on to their seals of office than they did to telling the truth? There is a story that, in the dark days of the depression of 1932, Franklin Roosevelt, then governor of New York, remarked that the next President would have to be a good one or he might be the last one. By the time these words are printed, he may be President for the third time.

Do Writers Borrow?

JOHN ERSKINE

I NEVER took much stock in the charge of plagiarism which writers bring against each other. The literary thief is rare. When second-rate minds imitate their betters, they usually do so, I believe, unconsciously and therefore innocently. For them the process of understanding a work of art or a good idea is so exciting that they mistake the glow of intelligence for the pangs of childbirth. But the error is harmless.

There's a quite different phenomenon, never yet explained, and often confused with plagiarism. At any moment two or more authors in different parts of the world, strangers to one another, may be working on the same idea. One may write what best pleases the reader, but otherwise there is no distinction among them. Students of literature have not given this mystery the attention it deserves.

I once was compelled to consider it, for three successive years. When I brought out my first novel, in 1925, I assumed that no one else that season would be writing about Helen of Troy. More than one friend warned me to leave alone a subject which could have little interest for our contemporaries. Shortly before my book appeared, however, Edward Lucas White published his novel, "Helen," a very good novel indeed, using parts of the Helen legend which did not interest me, but coming uncomfortably close to my general purpose. My book, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," came out in the late autumn. The following May I received a letter from a woman in England who thought I should know the remarkable coincidence which, as she said, was still an amazement to her family. Ever since my book appeared her son, a young writer, had been embarrassed by the congratulations of his friends, who knew he was working on a novel about Helen of Troy. His name was John Erskine.

The other Helen novel was, so far as I know, never published. It may have been better than mine, but what could the author do, since we both wear the same name?

In the autumn of 1926 I brought out my second novel, "Galahad." A month before it appeared I was introduced to Will Bradley, and learned that he had a new story, scheduled for the following January.

"What's it about?" I asked.

"Galahad."

"So's mine."

"It's not really about Galahad," said he, startled. "It's about Launcelot."

"So is mine."

"Not really about Launcelot—about Elaine!"

"So is mine."

He turned whitish. "It's not about Elaine of Astolat—it's about the other Elaine."

"So is mine."

His book appeared in due course, a charming story called "Launcelot and the Ladies." He had begun it years earlier, had laid it aside, had taken it up again about the time that I was working on my book, but being then strangers we had no communication whatsoever.

The next season I brought out "Adam and Eve." By this time I had become a little superstitious, and though by skipping all the way from Galahad to our first parents I might have expected to get out of the current, I wasn't altogether surprised to find that within three months six novels appeared, including my own, all on the Eden theme.

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Art Stands Alone

LET THERE BE SCULPTURE. By Jacob Epstein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 393 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

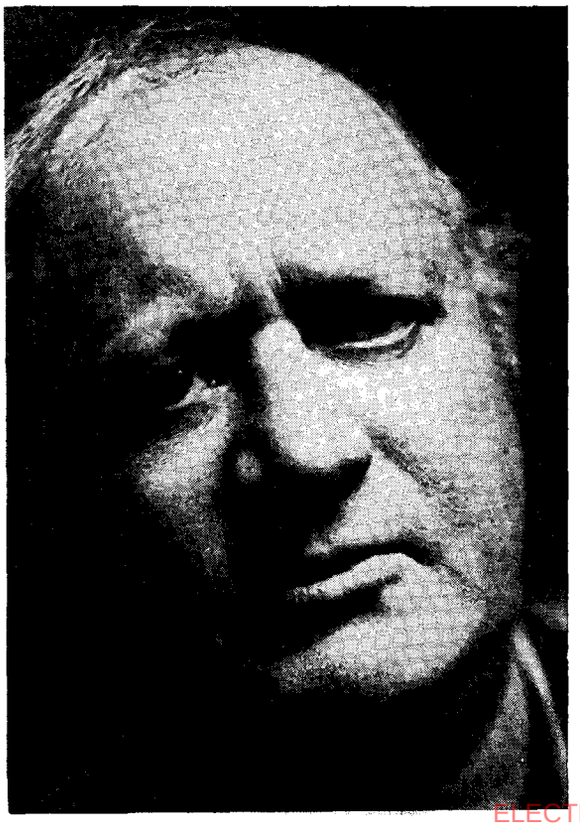
EPSTEIN'S works have so often touched off controversy, his forms so unequivocally defied conventions, that it has been easy for the public to create an Epstein stereotype: an unkempt eccentric trying to dumbfound the bourgeoisie with mallet, chisel, and both fists. This autobiography dissolves the stereotype and reveals the man; not, to be sure, with tiresome introspection nor by turning inside out its subject's private life. Although the early chapters describe Epstein's East Side childhood and his student years in Paris and London, the sculptor's emphasis is on the works he has made and the curious response they got from the public and from the world of art, "this jungle into which the artist is forced periodically to bring his work and live."

Coolly and with a minimum of bitterness Epstein describes that world of critics, collectors, dealers, and fellow artists; and the picture is not a pleasant one. Instead of indulging a martyr complex, he shows how difficult it is to be independently creative in a philistine society. In place of sermons on racial hatred, he reports that his *Rima* was painted with Swastikas, and reprints a viciously Aryan criticism from the *New Age*. One of his chapters records shrewd observation of men and women who have posed for him—John Dewey, Conrad, Shaw, Lord Rothermere, Haile Selassie, Einstein. In another section he offers, despite strong convictions of his own on the nature of sculpture, sane and fair-minded estimates of his contemporaries—Bourdelle, Despiau, Brancusi, Milles, and others. When he speaks of his own works, it is not so much to defend their specific merits as to prove them authentically sculptural, no mere attempt to translate a literary anecdote into marble, to recombine old forms, or to exploit what he believes to be the specious simplicities of the abstractionists. "A true piece of sculpture will always be the material worked into a shape. . . . To construct and relate material forms may call for a greater sensibility and a more subtle understanding of design than the use of abstract formulae."

Inevitably, the greater portion of this book deals with that endless series of battles-in-print aroused by the Strand Statues, Oscar Wilde's tomb, *Rima, Day and Night, Genesis, Behold the Man, Consummatum Est,* and *Adam.* The sculptor's enemies speak for themselves in a documentary appendix which fills nearly one half the volume. With a violence wholly out of proportion to its immediate cause, "going far deeper," Epstein suggests, "than the sculpture and painting involved," they vent their ignorance, their pride of nationality and position, their unhealthy prudishness, their jealousy, their eagerness to prejudge the artist's intentions and to look in his work for confirmation of their worst fears.

Against such onslaughts the portrait busts and the direct carvings stand in evidence, rather than any verbal defense the sculptor could attempt. "The work is always there for all to see."

Jacob Epstein writes of the "art jungle."



NO TIME FOR COMEDY?

(*Continued from page* 8)

has been turned into one great Gentile ghetto. *De te fabula narratur*—or will be told unless we have both the will and the material for resistance.

Consider one incident in the ghetto, in which Chaplin seems to have borrowed a touch from Orson Welles. The barber, trying to get away, is hurrying toward the corner when a group of Storm Troopers come around it. He faces about; more Storm Troopers. He starts across the street; still more of them. That was not funny when it happened to Cinna the Poet, and you can't make it funny when it is happening to Charlie Chaplin. You can get a laugh now and then out of timeless and unavoidable tragedy, but not out of tragedy imposed by other men; a tragedy which we ourselves may yet avert, if we work hard enough.

The best of "The Great Dictator," indeed, is its more somber passages —not merely the ghetto scenes, with overhanging terror as the ever-present major premise of everything, but the more dictatorial aspects of the Dictator himself, built on a careful study of Hitler's mannerisms. And the one symbolic scene which has evoked everybody's admiration, but for curiously different reasons—the dance with the globe-balloon. Mr. John Mosher, for instance, who is an acute critic, found this a delightful childlike fantasy; I confess I saw in it something far more sinister. It is no accident that the musical accompaniment of this passage was the same as that of the final scene, with all eyes turned toward the hopeful promise of a brighter future; no accident that the music that interpreted both was that classic expression of the loftiest aspirations possible to any man, the Lohengrin Prelude. For one kind of people, the best future they can imagine is merely a world in which they can live and work and love and help each other; but for some men it is the privilege of kicking the earth-ball around—as those men are doing now.

It is probably true, as Mosher says, that only Chaplin could make comedy built around such a theme even endurable; but to make it funny is beyond any man's powers. Some classic comedies have dealt directly with the issues of a war; but a war-time public which could get much fun out of "Lysistrata" and "The Acharnians" is as enigmatic to the modern understanding as a war-time government which would permit their production. You can laugh at some aspects of the universal and inescapable drawbacks of man's fate; but you can't—and indeed for your own health you had better not—laugh at things that somebody is doing to people like you, and may presently be doing to you unless you take some action. Our comedians will render good service to the national morale if they can give us something to laugh at in the years that are ahead; but they had better pick out material that would have been just as recognizable, and just as funny, before Hitler was ever born.

Such as what, for instance? Brother, I can't answer that—and luckily I don't have to; I am in the news business. E. D.

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The Two-on-the-Aisle Man

BROADWAY IN REVIEW. By John Mason Brown. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 295 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

OVER a period of years Mr. Brown has proved himself the ablest of the Broadway critics. He has (which no good critic can be very happy without) a fine background of the theatre. He reacts warmly to what he sees, whether with his mind, his emotions, or his sense of humor. He has an eye for detail and a sense of the whole. And he writes imaginatively, as though raiding one's mind for good things to say at midnight were as easy as raiding the icebox.

Mr. Brown is so good, in fact, that every so often publishers collect his daily reviews (as they do nobody else's) and make them into a book. This is not only a very proper compliment to Mr. Brown, but it permits the rest of us to get perspective on Mr. Brown's opinions, enthusiasms, and prejudices, all for the price of a seat at one of the shows Mr. Brown does not recommend.

"Broadway in Review"—besides including a few general pieces on the theatre—covers the past two seasons. They were not very distinguished seasons and, so far as new plays went, they did not often tempt Mr. Brown to blow the trumpet. Among plays that called for serious comment, he—like many other reviewers—was dissatisfied with "Key Largo," "Rocket to the Moon," and "There Shall Be No Night." Unlike other reviewers, he was also dissatisfied with "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," and for very cogent reasons:

> Mr. Sherwood does not prepare us for Lincoln's greatness. His greatness overtakes him during an intermission.

Mr. Brown was further dissatisfied with "The Little Foxes," and though his reasons were again cogent, I'm not sure he got to the heart of the matter. It is more than possible that "The Little Foxes" is too "well-made" a play. It is wholly undeniable that *The Little Foxes* is a melodrama. But you can't dismiss, on those grounds, the importance of the play's theme or the biting way in which Miss Hellman developed it. Melodrama may have over-heightened the point of the play, but it did not destroy it. And if you reject "The Little Foxes" because the spool is wound too tight, mustn't you think twice about Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" because the spoon isn't wound at all?

"The Time of Your Life" is one of three new plays that Mr. Brown admired; the other two are Saroyan's "My Heart's in the Highlands" and Carroll's "The White Steed." I share much of his pleasure in "The White Steed," but am inclined to think that with Saroyan he has confused entertainment with art, and vaudeville with vision. But let's call a truce on Saroyan—at least until his next production comes along.

On only one other matter do I question Mr. Brown's judgment, and that relates to Maurice Evans. Mr. Brown is a very shrewd judge of acting, but in the case of Evans as a Shakespearean performer I think he has mistaken Evans's consummate gifts of showmanship for something weightier. Evans can make Shakespeare's heroes interesting, palpable, picturesque. In a rhetorical play like "Richard II" he can, besides bringing out the beauty of the lines, do justice to a relatively slight characterization. But though he can give Falstaff charm and Hamlet vigor, he can't give either of them inwardness, he can't begin to get to the bottom of the man.

These few disagreements have taken up most of my space, but in terms of two years of reviewing they bulk very small. Mr. Brown, working at top speed, has not only seldom slipped; he has managed to say many sound and suggestive things, and to say them—if sometimes a bit repetitiously—remarkably well.

Vandamm

John Mason Brown

Author! Author!

ELIZABETH HAWES, famous fashion designer, author of "Fashion Is Spinach" and "Men Can Take It," contributor to *PM* and to the *SRL,* wore one of her own creations to La Guardia Field to see a friend off on the Boston plane. They had time for a drink on the terrace. The head waiter refused a request for a table overlooking the field; all front spots were reserved, though every table in the place was empty. Miss Hawes was nettled: "In that case we might as well go inside to the bar." The maitre d'hotel eyed the clothes worn by Miss Hawes, her husband, and the departing friend. "I would if I were you," he advised; "it's much less expensive inside."

* * *

Laura Krey works hard on the backgrounds for her historical novels of Texas. Some of the material she remembers from stories told her as a child by old-time Texans; the rest she digs for. During the preparation of her new story, "On the Long Tide" (her first one was ". . . and Tell of Time"), she spent six months at Chapel Hill, working in the Southern historical collections of the University of North Carolina. Mrs. Krey's son is a freshman in the University. Most of her time during the winter is spent at the University of Minnesota where her husband is occupied with history too, but as professor of medieval history.

* * *

Ernest Hemingway received for the movie rights to "For Whom the Bell Tolls" the highest sum ever paid by a studio for a book, $100,000 plus ten cents a copy for the first 500,000 copies sold. The sum is already on its way toward $125,000. The deal was arranged by Donald Friede, now a Hollywood agent but formerly a partner in the firm which published Hemingway's first book, "In Our Time." Mr. Friede traveled 2,000 miles from Hollywood to Sun Valley and back during a weekend to fix up the transaction with Hemingway. . . . The highest price previously paid by the movies for a novel was $110,000 for Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" . . . Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" brought $75,000 . . . Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind," $50,000 . . . Rebecca Yancey Williams's new book, "The Vanishing Virginian," has just brought $25,000, and Van Wyck Mason's newest mystery, "The Bucharest Ballerina Murders," somewhere around $18,000, which is high for a novel of that kind.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

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THE CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY

(*Continued from page* 4)

stress is laid on his parents' unwillingness to pamper him. Thus little "Bert" Hoover forsakes his Osage Indian playmates to do the chores on the Iowa farm; little "Cal" Coolidge delights his dad by coaxing more syrup out of a Vermont maple than most of the boys in the neighborhood; six-year old Warren Harding (the boys seem to have called him "Warren") peddles brooms around Caledonia, Ohio; and big young John Davis struggles in his bedroom with English composition.

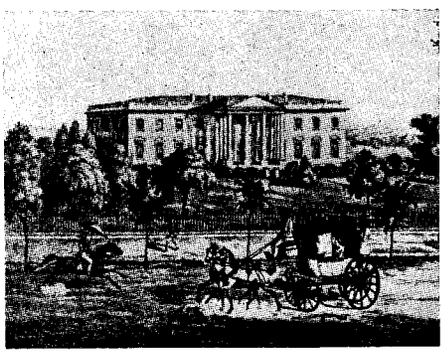
The apotheosis of the theme of averageness is the description of the candidate's family life. No less a campaign biographer than Franklin Roosevelt has provided a model treatment. In "The Happy Warrior" in 1928 he wrote, "It would be hard to find a happier type of American family life than that of the Governor; it is the kind that is stimulating to all who have seen it, for it combines straight living and family affection with jest and play and song." So say all the biographers, but few so succinctly and unsentimentally.

DOMESTICITY is usually focussed upon the candidate's wife. Prior to the query, "Do you want Mrs. Smith in the White House?" wives were excused with warm praise as mothers and general helpmeets. Since 1928, however, biographers point up and out the ladies' qualifications for the position of First Lady. Earle Looker devoted most of a whole chapter of his Roosevelt biography to Eleanor Roosevelt's ease and popularity in the role of the Governor's wife. Theo Landon, according to Richard B. Fowler in "Deeds not Deficits," would be called "cultivated" anywhere outside of Kansas, "but they don't talk that way in Kansas"; and to overcome the sob-sisters' homespun picture of Ettie Garner, Marquis James recalls Mrs. Garner's social interests of 40 years ago and states firmly that she had the makings of one of Washington's important hostesses. "Instead," he concludes loftily, "she has become one of Washington's important persons."

The prospective President must resemble the majority of the citizenry in another important respect—he must devote an average amount of attention to his religious life. Great care is exercised to avoid the slightest hint that the church wields any undue influence over the candidate's thinking. Smith and Farley are both pictured as little more than regular communicants, and Franklin Roosevelt as senior warden of the Episcopal Church at Hyde Park is actually a high-water mark in the religious activities of the candidates. Hoover's Quaker boyhood, to be sure, is reckoned a major influence, but none of his quintet of biographers (he holds the record, made in the bumper year of 1928) concern themselves with his adult spiritual life. One of the few instances of a deliberate bid for the church vote is Fowler's supremely artless handling of Landon's friendliness with ministers. He records that Landon's secretary, "a practical politician," deplored his habit of "chinning for an hour with some plug preacher who doesn't control four votes, while men who control whole blocks of counties cool their heels in the outer office."

With the candidate's personal qualifications established, the author sets forth his public career. In most cases skillful writers would find it a considerable challenge to make interesting reading of the conventional story of the subject's progress through machine politics to the Governorship of a state or some less usual jumping-off place for the Presidency. Examination of the record as the biographers construct it re-enforces Herbert Agar's thesis that except for a fluke the electorate is presented with a choice between dull mediocrities. Occasionally an episode like Roosevelt's battle against the Senatorial ambitions of Tammanyite William F. Sheehan or Herbert Hoover's triumph in feeding Belgians and Russians will flash across the page, and even more rarely will a biographer have a yarn such as Rupert Hughes had in Dewey's racket-busting.

The silent treatment of the candidate's views on public questions rivals the log cabin theme as one of the oldest traditions of campaign biography. The classic case is the handling of Pierce's attitude toward the issues of the Compromise of 1850 by a second campaign biographer, D. W. Bartlett. "His course was distinct and bold," states the author, "His views on these measures were expressed in a private letter to a distinguished Senator under date of May 9, 1850."



(From an engraving in the Library of Congress)

The White House in 1840

VAGUE and temporizing as they are, the platforms upon which the candidates stand are a better guide to their opinions than the biographies. Apparently biographer and subject agree on the stratagem that votes are won by ignoring the major issues in a campaign. As far as the books show, Harding had no position on the League, Coolidge none on the farm problem, Hoover none on relief for unemployment, Roosevelt none on Prohibition, Landon none on work-relief, and Garner and Dewey none on foreign affairs. In an appendix of speeches and statements to Earl Reeves's "This Man Hoover" of 1928 appeared Hoover's ill-fated "noble experiment" characterization of Prohibition, but it was tagged on to his reflections on education, prominently titled in capital letters, "WHO SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE?"

The inclusion of addresses, papers, and miscellaneous writings of the candidate has long been a favorite method of disposing of the problem of expounding his views. It has generally been disposal at its most efficient, for the speeches are far duller reading than most of the biographies. "This is Wendell Willkie," by Stanley Walker, is the latest campaign work to use this device. Although Willkie does not read better than Walker, his writings and speeches possess a directness and clarity distinctly novel in a candidate's pre-nomination speeches. The superiority of the Willkie prose can to some extent be ascribed to professional editing before they appeared in leading periodicals. Walker's 10,000-word biographical introduction is a real innovation, one which may influence future biographies of Presidential candidates. His streamlining involved no surrender of any major theme in traditional campaign biographies; Lincoln, family, church, they are all there, but in capsule form. There is the familiar lack of interpretation of the candidate's opinions on public questions. Written in the fateful summer of 1940, it contains not a word on foreign policy; nor, save the acceptance speech, does any of Willkie's own material. On the whole, however, Walker's breezy use of anecdote and quotation, his success in humanizing his man, and his forthright style have produced an effective modernization of the old form.

And what of the great modernizer himself, also an able campaign biographer? The lack of a campaign biography for his third-term aspirations is one of the President's minor and most uncontroversial breaks with precedent.

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Clark's Campaign

WESTWARD THE TIDE. By Harold Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1940. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT GORMAN

HAROLD SINCLAIR reveals himself again as a sound, realistic, and excusably romantic-minded historical novelist in this narrative concerned with that extraordinary campaign led by Colonel George Rogers Clark that resulted in the winning for the infant United States of the great Illinois territory in 1778 and 1779. He is sound because he has applied himself assiduously to such documentation as is extant—it is, by the way, far from exhaustive, there being many gaps in the record; he is realistic in the sense that he pictures his characters, both historical and fictional, with a fidelity to human impulses that is unmistakable; and he is romantic insofar as he suggests a lofty *pulse, so to speak, animating his hero.*

George Rogers Clark, big, red-headed, given to violent fits of anger and occasional bouts with the bottle, one-minded and set of purpose, is developed through the eyes of one Philip Guard, who accompanies his commander on the arduous campaign that reduced Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and Fort Sackville, and the figure carries weight. The expedition becomes—as it should be—one of those marvelous feats that stick out in history as proof of the inspired doggedness of man.

Mr. Sinclair had his subject at his fingertips and the fictional trappings with which he has accoutered it are both simple and subdued to the major theme. His love affairs, the fragmentary episode between Clark and the beautiful Terese de Leyba and the more extended affair between Philip Guard and Marie le Moine (also beautiful, it is needless to say), fit in neatly and do not disturb the important flow of the story. That flow, of course, is concerned always with the winning of a huge territory, a territory larger than Europe, by a tatterdemalion army that never counted more than two or three hundred men, an army, too, that was unpaid, minus supplies, and constantly struggling against the elements. The author's prose, unassuming and somewhat lean, moves swiftly toward its climactic moments and so excellently fulfills its function. Best of all, there is not a moral to be found in the book—except, perhaps, the implicit one that bravery and doggedness are all when it comes to building nations.

Herbert Gorman is the author of "Jonathan Bishop," "The Mountain and the Plain," and a recent life of James Joyce.

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A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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Mr. Hogben's Hegira

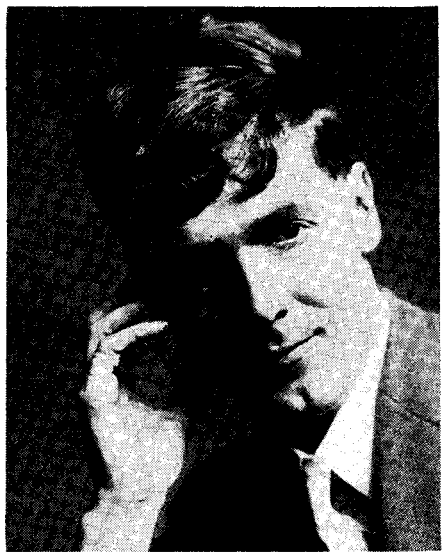
AUTHOR IN TRANSIT. By Lancelot Hogben. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Saturday Review is happy to have been able to give its readers, two weeks ago, a foretaste of "Author in Transit," by publishing a chapter, titled "These United States," from the book, through special arrangement with W. W. Norton & Co.*

THE sprightly and engaging Mr. Hogben who, by his own admission is pretty well known throughout the civilized world as the author of "Mathematics for the Million" and "Science for the Citizen," arrived in the United States not long ago, having made the trip from his native land by way of Norway, Sweden, Latvia, U. S. S. R., and Japan. This book is the record of his observations and reflections made during that trip.

As a writer and expounder of popular science Mr. Hogben has proved himself to be brilliant and high-powered. What is perhaps the most marked characteristic of Mr. Hogben's adventures outside of pure science is a tendency to assume that since he is an interesting man come of an interesting background every one must be eager to look at his album of snapshots.



Lancelot Hogben

In "Dangerous Thoughts" the snapshots were sometimes over, and sometimes under-exposed. In the present volume they are all the latter. The author seems to have gone around the world like a leaf in a high wind. He started in Norway, where he was lecturing on the day that the Germans arrived. Interesting as are his comments on the occasion he seems not to have seen very much. He managed to get to Sweden before the Germans caught up with him and to spend some pleasant weeks at Uppsala with occasional visits to Stockholm. This lightning matriculation seems to have provided him with the ability to speak disparagingly of Swedish education in general and to replenish his purse in order to move on by air to Moscow.

In Moscow, he seems to have given up the last vestige of that hope of Soviet Russia which was hinted at in "Dangerous Thoughts." He found the country unfinished, unenterprising, and dirty. The men go about without neckties and the women wear no silk stockings. Japan was quite a different story. Mr. Hogben was suitably, if not sumptuously entertained, and he found everything neat and lovely. The people were frightfully polite. When he reached America he found it a happy combination of beauty, luxury, and good thinking.

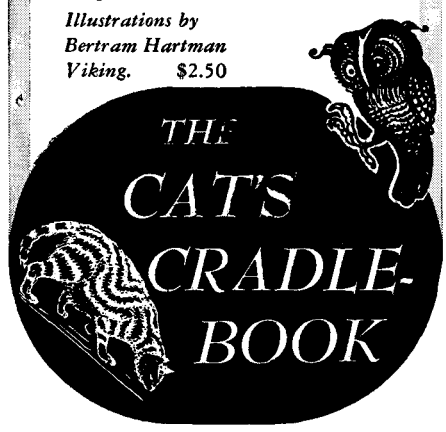
In spite of the superficial nature of Mr. Hogben's observations, and of his comments on them, there is much in this book which suggests that if he sat down and worked over his negatives he could greatly improve the prints in the album. There are some interesting and penetrating comments on language, and some evidence of sanity and clarity of thought, particularly in his comments on communist ideology.

"Sylvia Townsend Warner

at her most beguiling best . . . delighting you with her artistry and giving you furiously to think. Here is a banquet of stories (fables, parables, what you will) to suit the most fastidious of literary epicures." —*N. Y. Times.*

"Ideal for those who remember a book by Miss Warner that rocketed over two continents and still burns brightly: *Lolly Willowes.* There was a delicate witchcraft in it, out of earth and fire; the same sorcery shaped these tales." —*Herald Tribune.*

Illustrations by Bertram Hartman
Viking. $2.50



America and Britain

THE AMERICAN IMPACT ON GREAT BRITAIN, 1898-1914. By Richard Heathcote Heindel. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 1940. 439 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. HEINDEL has attempted a new, difficult, and fruitful kind of history: the history of the relations between two great states —not the diplomatic history, not the rather slender thread of literary history, but the whole bundle of relations which made up the "impact" of the United States on Britain in the years when the Four Years' War was brewing. It is a difficult subject to organize clearly and convincingly, and bring to a neat conclusion. Mr. Heindel is too careful a scholar to attempt flashy generalizations, but he does generalize, thoughtfully and suggestively, especially in his "Epilogue."

The chief value of his book, however, lies in the variety and richness of the materials he has assembled from widely scattered but always pertinent sources. Mr. Heindel, though trained in the exacting and somewhat narrowing technique of the professional historian, has had the courage to borrow the methods of other social sciences, and especially those of psychology. He even went into the field, and submitted several thousand rather astounded English children to "attitude tests" of the kind familiar enough to Americans, but, like the "questionnaire," still rare in England. (They will soon be familiar enough, for in that sort of thing, the American impact in Great Britain has been steadily increasing.) Both these attitude tests, and the historical investigation for the period 1889-1914, show that America bulks very large indeed in the life of Great Britain—and that America is on the whole inaccurately known, and American history almost unknown, in Great Britain. Our friendship with Great Britain is perhaps not based on mutual misunderstanding to quite the same extent as our friendship with France; but it is based on a lot more misunderstanding than is pleasant to think about in these days.

Mr. Heindel's book is a scholarly study not meant primarily for general circulation, and not aimed at the hasty reader. But it is a meaty book, and one worth reflecting on. There is more in it to help us understand one of the basic problems of our international relations than in several brilliant autobiographical writings of distinguished foreign correspondents.

Crane Brinton is the author of "Anatomy of Revolution."

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"Practical Dreamer"

FESSENDEN, BUILDER OF TOMORROW. By Helen M. Fessenden. New York: Coward-McCann. 1940. 352 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

REGINALD A. FESSENDEN, who died in 1932, was somewhat of a modern Leonardo. Although his work was primarily electrical communications, his active mind also applied itself to problems of elastic insulation, centralized power sources for rural communities, mass aircraft bombing tactics, submarine warfare, clinical antiseptics, the translation of the sacred writings of the Egyptians, the lost civilizations of the Caucasus isthmus, and Masonic lore.

When he started his career in Thomas E. Edison's plant, applied science was a little known field, most mechanical and electrical engineering being based on trial and error. His insatiable curiosity regarding the application of pure mathematics to physical problems opened many new fields of research, and his entire career was one of scientific prophecy. To the credit of this versatile genius are these now-standard inventions: the modern method of radio and wireless transmission, the oscillator, the sonic depth finder, the turbo-electric drive for warships, and iceberg detectors.

This biography, written by his wife, is a loving testimony to a great personality. The human equation frequently disappears from the discussion, and we see him only as a magnificent and benevolent mind, intent upon breaking down the barriers between men, opening up new avenues of wealth and resources. Helen Fessenden allied herself so closely with her husband and his work that we get the impression that she, too, had considerable engineering talent, so intently and intimately does she dwell upon the circumstances surrounding highly technical discoveries. Overflowing with descriptions of laboratory methods and patent discussions, the book might present some difficulty to the reader of popular biographies, but anyone with a fair knowledge of physics and mathematics and the time to read leisurely will enjoy this excursion into the personal thoughts and problems of a great practical dreamer.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GOOSE IS COOKED *Emmett Hogarth* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Double death in N. Y. electrical laboratory and tangled love-lives of denizens give Sleuth Cohen chance to lucubrate and jest wryly.	Murderous possibilities of stupendous voltages interestingly developed, and rowdy passages aptly handled. Otherwise story nothing to write home about.	10 Watt
MURDER COMES AT NIGHT *Inez Oellrichs* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fatal auto "accident" in Jersey town witnessed by Matt Winters, milkman sleuth, who soon becomes entangled in poison plot with ramifications.	Family skeletons of locality given thorough and engrossing airing in yarn which presents native acumen of rough-hewn sleuth at canniest.	Garrulously good
THE TWENTY-FOURTH HORSE *Hugh Pentecost* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Spoiled society darling throttled and hidden in luggage compartment of equestrienne sister's car. N. Y. cop Luke Bradley rides again.	Blackmail in the horsey sets basis of tale with galloping action, glamorous background, some acrid humor and 24-point solution.	Good
THE DEAD CAN TELL *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.)	Anonymous note reopens case of Manhattan society girl ostensibly drowned in accident. McKee of Center Street officiates with customary skill.	Slightly over-written and not too credibly worked out tale of upper-class misdeeds with plenty of thrills and tense moments.	Enjoyable
THE DOUBLE DEATH OF FREDERIC BELOT *Claud Aveline* (Holt: $2.)	Ace inspector of Parisian detectives found dying in his home with dead double lying nearby. Investigation reveals psychological reasons for crime.	Typically Gallic job, both in treatment and in explanation given for fatal collapse of sleuth's brilliant idea for hoodwinking criminal classes.	Fair

on the

LONG TIDE

By LAURA KREY

author of "And Tell of Time"

"TO this town, senores," said Don Ambrosio, "all roads lead, in the end here you have only to sit still and the world comes to you." Here in Bexar midway on the old Santa Fe trail, two worlds met — the world of young America and the world of old Spain. Here, among the ragged priests, the royal governors, the land-locked sailors and the Mexican senoritas, Jeffrey Fentress met Teresa Manuelos 'On the Long Tide' is their story

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DINE AND DANCE

They Don't Dance Much

BY JAMES ROSS

"THIS has a suspense and pace that will keep you on the edge of your chair" — *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

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Records in Review

By EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI is surely one of the most picturesque figures of the last twenty years in music. For as long as most of us can remember he has maintained for himself a spectacular popularity as conductor and impresario on the radio, on records, even in the movies, as well as in person with his famous orchestra. This incredible juggler has for years held down his job with one of the world's most staid symphony organizations (not without fighting, however) while indulging himself in various antics ranging from a species of musical plastic surgery practised on such respectable worthies as Johann Sebastan Bach to regulation film star chasing in the best tabloid-Hollywood manner. The All-American Youth Orchestra reaffirms at once that Stokowski is, still is, a great conductor, regardless of his eccentricities. This organization's recording for Columbia of that war-horse the "New World" Symphony of Dvořák (Col. M-416; 6 r.) is electric. The music is new, eloquent, vital. What Toscanini does to Beethoven Stokowski here does to the more romantic master. What personality! Even the famous Stokowski strings are here to weep, as always, but not sentimentally; this is a young orchestra, serious, never bored. It means what it says and it knows how to play it.

★ ★

In comparison with the "New World" recording the New York Philharmonic's performance of the Brahms 2nd Symphony under Barbirolli (Col. M-412; 5 r.) is pedestrian, a poor sample of what that orchestra can do. A musician would say bad ensemble, bad attack, poor phrasing . . . to a listener it is simply a matter of the vital spark. It's not there! . . . Beethoven's 3rd Leonore Overture fares better with the Minneapolis and Metropoulos (Col. X-173; 2 r.) but not well enough to warrant replacing the Mengelburg version if you have it. This is partly due, again, to Columbia's preoccupation with the higher registers of the orchestra. Some day we will have technicians who are also musicians, like the European ones . . . before the war. The volume range has been greatly increased on the newer records; for most of us who are trained to systematic distortion this will mean many a wince, many a jump for the volume control. . . . Arthur Foote, one of our latter day American Primitives, is composer of the charming *Night Piece* for flute and String Quartet recorded by Columbia (70339-D 1 r.). Like others of his generation Foote imitated the great European Romantics with a wholehearted gusto which is wholly American. We find here passing glimpses of Debussy, an uncanny evocation of the Brahms Clarinet Quintet, and a bit of the sentiment of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words.

★ ★

The Twelve-Tone system of Schoenberg is the bogey of modern minded music listeners, who fight hither and yon over its mathematical and philosophical possibilities without realizing an essential fact: that the system is actually a very generalized method of composition, so much so that some quite orthodox imitation Franck, Debussy, or even Bach, could be written within its framework. True, existing twelve-tone music is pretty radical, and the System is of course well suited to radicalism; but differing personalities can be easily expressed in it, as is shown by Křenek's Short Piano Pieces for students (1938) in Col X-171. ($2). In contrast to the warped emotionalism of Schoenberg—early as well as late—the genial and sociable Křenek can be heard even through the sharp fogs of twelve-tone dissonance. . . . Kerstin Thorborg's recorded debut as a singer of songs is not too promising. She sings Schubert, Brahms, Wolf (V-16969) with beautiful tone and little imagination. The Wolf fares best, the Schubert decidedly worst. . . . That First Cuckoo in London Philharmonic (V 4496). This music has for most Americans the eminently proper vulgarity of Queen Mary's annual Christmas card; but the English think of it as the very cornerstone of modern English music. Take your choice; the performance is excellent.

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Down Mexico Way

SOUTH OF THE BORDER. By Arthémise Goertz. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 507 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THIS is one of the best see-hear-smell-touch-taste travel books about regions south of the Rio Grande which of late have splashed so many publishers' lists with color. Perhaps no other brand of American, except one from New Orleans, could have achieved Miss Goertz's unrelenting concern about food and its savor. Otherwise Miss Goertz's penchant is for fiestas, church-ceremonies, historical sites, and museums. With smart competence, she sandwiches in between the customary brush with the police over taking photographs (first chapter) and the customary set-to with officialdom over smuggling out photographs (last chapter), a very rich and spicy but far from digestible mass of brilliant observation, chatter, scenic beauty, odd types, native festivals, literary pertness, history, and legend.

Her travel experiences are set in a loose fictional frame. The heroine, presumably herself, and a shadowy Señor Mestre, married professor of Vera Cruz, fall in love. He is always appearing just as she has to rush off in the company of portly Aunt Jo to some new town to see some carnival or tourist sight. Not even an emotional crisis develops. Far more dramatic than the *leit motif* of love is the death of the adopted cur, Georgine, and Aunt Jo ripping off her corset in the bedroom of Empress Carlota.

The real events are the fiestas—mostly of a middle-class, patriotic, or religious nature—not the indigenous variety that Erna Fergusson has so ably described in her books on Mexico and Guatemala. Again one feels the New Orleans note. The most successful portion of the volume is that concerning Miss Goertz's stay in Orizaba and environs. The story is there integrated about the life of the family with whom the two travelers stay and the quaint textile town half-way up on the rim of the plateau mountains.

During the remainder of the book Miss Goertz, rushes, eats, drinks many cognacs, and builds the stock tourist places up into a baroque dazzle of sights and smells. With the aid of Terry's guide Bernal Díaz, and other sources, she supplements her own observations with snappy summaries of the historical background and invariably the Indian legends. Her chief interest is with the antiquarian, the picturesque, and the romantic, and though she gets the esthetic moment well—all the superficial physical aspects—her understanding does not always match her cleverness of phrase. One emerges from her book feeling well-soaked in chile, mole, pulque, and insect powder, but with little sense of marching Mexico.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

FATHER WAS AN EDITOR. By Joshua K. Bolles. Norton. 1940. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Bolles's father who happened to be an editor in a New England village about the turn of the century takes an honored place in the gallery of sturdy small town Americans who have been celebrated in reminiscences. Portraits of doctors, lawyers, and editors recently have been preserved in the pages of books, and the net result has been a real contribution to our understanding of the American character in a simpler generation. Mr. Bolles's book is a sharply etched and humorous delineation of family life and of a father who was as New England as a boiled dinner. Independent, salty, ready for an argument at any time—especially over town affairs—Father Bolles managed his newspaper and brought up his family in the best American tradition. The incidents in village life which aroused tempests in his mind and soul, his journalistic battles on the public issues of free silver and organized bicyclists, are chapters in a story which is admirably told. Life with Mr. Bolles's Father deserved this record, which makes the annals of America richer.

C. McD. P.

Biography

FATHER HUNTINGTON, Founder of The Order of The Holy Cross. By Vida Dutton Scudder. Dutton. 1940. 368 *pp.* $3.50.

Perhaps no happier choice could have been made than in asking Vida Scudder to write the biography of the Father Founder of the Order of The Holy Cross. Herself a devout Anglo-Catholic with an unswerving interest in social reforms, she is of all persons best fitted to put in written form the record of James Otis Sargent Huntington, O.H.C. She portrays a man who "would have had no sympathy with the Totalitarian State, Fascist or Communist." Socialism, she quotes him as remarking "rather paradoxically, was not 'radical enough'." Nothing that he could do was ever 'radical enough' to suit James Huntington first during the years when he took an active leadership in a zealous crusading for social reform, later, and until the end of his life in building up the Order of The Holy Cross, and in the spiritual guidance of innumerable men and women.

With a rare knowledge of Church History, and a complete sympathy with the ideals of her subject in both the theological and social fields, Miss Scudder has made a real contribution, not merely to American biography. The background which she paints of the closing years of the nineteenth century and the first thirty of the twentieth is of equal value. As she says, "The story of his life covers the most stormy and dramatic phases of American idealism active on the highest levels, during the last fifty years." As a biographer, she lets the man "speak for himself," catches "as many facets of his character and conduct as possible reflected by other people."

"The worst challenge to his faith" came from "the feebleness and inadequacy, at times even from the seeming disloyalty, of the Church." Feeling that here he was at the "root trouble" he set about the remedy, the introduction of a "fresh mystical inspiration," without which, Miss Scudder points out, "no civilization can survive." It was in his power to touch the springs of personal life, as he ministered patiently through long years to those human needs which never alter. W. B. S., D.D.

Fiction

THE SPANISH BRIDE. By Georgette Heyer. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 397 *pp.* $2.50.

A good many people who keep up with Georgette Heyer's prolific vein of amusing light fiction concluded on finishing "An Infamous Army" that she was never happier than in writing of the Napoleonic Wars. She can make a battlefield piled with brightly uniformed corpses positively sprightly, and some of her thick-witted, hard-drinking officers of the line are as natural as anything since Charles Lever. This time, with the aid of considerable research in regimental memoirs, she has traced Wellington's army in the Peninsula from the bloody storming of Badajoz to the final invasion of France, following the fortunes of a British officer who married a fourteen year old Spanish girl after the sack and took her with him through the rough campaigns that followed. The

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Discovered after many years, and now published for the first time, this unreserved and anecdotal narrative not only adds greatly to our knowledge of the background, and many of the battles, of the Civil War. Except for differences in dress and speech, its self-picture could be that of any young American, at any time, who has gone off to war.

413 pages, with 13 illustrations. $3.00

The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N.C.

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hero and heroine, who have historical originals, are credible and amusing, but the best things in the book are the incidental pictures of British army life in Spain in that hearty, far away day: camp followers on the march behind the army, a regiment fording a swollen torrent, the commanding general's ball in a shell wrecked barn, a brisk skirmish with French hussars. The skirmishes are better than the battles, and Waterloo, again, at the end of the book, though seen this time by non-combattants, is neither Thackeray nor Victor Hugo, but again just good Charles Lever. Miss Heyer is best at surfaces; her people are not seriously enough studied to be anything but cleverly dressed puppets in an emotional crisis, but the costumes are very good indeed, and the puppets lively and life-like. Perhaps the best way to forget about a real war is to read about a past one presented as a rough, good-humored lark. G. M.

THE FIRST RESCUE PARTY. By Karel Capek. Macmillan. 1940. 277 *pp.* $2.

It is unfortunate the American publishers of this excellent work have imported the sheets of a British translation, not because the translation is bad but because the colloquial language of the novel, together with the specialized jargon of the coal mines, has naturally been turned into English colloquialism and English jargon. American readers have therefore to make two adjustments: one to the unfamiliar phases of Czech life in a coal-mining district, and a second to a vocabulary that here and there is unfamiliar. The pages read smoothly, but the material of the book is necessarily twice removed.

Once over this mild difficulty, the reader is likely to experience considerable satisfaction in "The First Rescue Party," the theme of which is the development of a raw young laboring man out of adolescence into manhood and companionship with his fellow laborers. The shyness, the awkwardness, the buried and burning idealism, the tendency toward hero worship, and the silent gratitude for a word of encouragement and understanding are all exquisitely portrayed. Unlike American fiction of the proletarian sort, Capek does not underline his meaning. You comprehend that the owners of the mine are spending as little money as they can on safety devices and you understand also that the life of the miners is monotonous and grimy. But Capek portrays human beings rather than robots moving mechanically in a class struggle, with the result that the world of labor is here made human and dramatic in terms of something beside economic and social values. Capek assumes as a matter of course that his hero is a boy and man before he is a laborer volunteering to rescue his comrades from death, and it is the manhood rather than the wage-scale which has interested him. H. M. J.

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Miscellaneous

A WOMAN FACES THE WAR. By Ruth Drummond. Kinsey. 1940. 183 *pp.* $1.50.

Here, without heroics or fine writing, is one English woman's reaction to the first eight months of the war. Mrs. Drummond writes chiefly as a mother with four children to protect and care for, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Written in the form of letters to the editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* the book deals with such problems as feeding the family under the rationing system, whether or not to stay strung up in a permanent wave machine during an air raid alarm, how to darken windows for a black-out, and (in a more serious vein) how to calm a child's fears of sudden death and how to talk to a woman whose husband is "somewhere at sea" and long since overdue.

There is a quiet courage and wholesome commonsense about the book. Mrs. Drummond speaks a language universal among women. G. G.

THE ART OF USEFUL WRITING. By Walter B. Pitkin. Whittlesey House. 1940. 261 *pp., with index.* $2.

Professor Pitkin, of the Columbia School of Journalism, has turned out another extremely practical volume for the layman which undertakes to show the logic, mechanics, and psychology of "useful writing" (a few pages are even devoted to defining that term). Mr. Pitkin's general thesis—one with which every professional writer will agree—is that proficiency comes only through prolonged hard work. He cites this observation: that out of approximately 4,000 novelists, reporters and other writers he has known in the past twenty-five years, the best spontaneously produce from three to 20 times as much copy as the average writers and 30 to 50 times as much as the poorest; that the preliminary notes and sketches of the best show an enormous range in quality; and that the best writers accept fairly readily both ideas and criticism from others. S. L.

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. . . . . .
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A wheel that stands not still, a trembling reed,
A trolling stone, dry dust, light chaff and stubble,
A shadow of something, but truly nought indeed!

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. has been conducting this column without intermission for quite a while, and intends to take a few weeks' vacation. In his absence he will confide his task to the Quercus Associates. ☞The Opportunity Shop at 46 W. 47 offers for $35 a travelling trunk which was especially built for a touring author. It contains ingenious fitted compartments for typewriter and unsold MSS of every dimension, from a full-weight costume novel to an epigram—if there are still any authors who compose epigrams except by accident? ☞Random House says, apropos Arch Oboler's volume of Radio Plays, that a broadcasting writer, if he has something to say, can have a larger audience in half an hour than Shakespeare had in a lifetime. ☞Among other important scripts he has done, Oboler wrote the scenario for M-G-M's production of *Escape*. ☞Newman Ivey White's *Shelley,* beautifully presented by Knopf, includes the first publication of the water color portrait believed to be the famous lost miniature of the poet by Edward Williams. It is now in the collection of Mrs. Murray Crane. ☞Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, Calif., have published *A Raft Pilot's Log,* by Walter A. Blair, who spent 50 years on the Mississippi as master and pilot. This is the first detailed history of the great rafting and logging industry on the Big River (1840-1915).

★ ★

☞Another beautifully dated fiction is *The Breadwinners*. We got enormous pleasure out of this shocker of the 80's, in which the heroine "was dressed in a soft and vapory fabric of creamy bunting, in the midst of which her long figure lay reclined in an easy chair of Japanese bamboo." ☞She blushed because someone said that the crews in a regatta "rowed in short sleeves." ☞F. G. Lowry in the *Kansas City Star* says he particularly approves dentists who have copies of *The Saturday Review* in their waiting rooms. ☞The Spanish Language Section of the National Broadcasting Co. puts on the air (every Thursday, 6.30 p.m. E.S.T.) a program of book news dealing with writings by or about the Latin American nations. This program, prepared by Addison Durland, has gathered more and more attention and now authors and publishers in all the South and Central Americas send books and magazines for discussion in the broadcast.

★ ★

☞Near Amherst, Mass., is a farmhouse that sells (or anyhow offers) "Dinosaur Tracks in Stepping Stones." ☞These rather tempted Old Q., but he decided to read some of the autumn novels instead. ☞Robb White, who was briskly criticized last year for rebuking the feminine and sweety-pie quality of books now written for kids, is much pleased at the last Newbery award going to James Daugherty's *Daniel Boone*. (And Steve Meader's *Boy with the Pack* was a close runner-up). Robb White notes with satisfaction that this breaks a ten-year run of awards to females. An eminent Midwest librarian says White's squawk "made the children's workers do some real thinking." ☞Another juvenile we have lately seen in actual and absorbed use is Howard Haycraft's *Boys' Book of Great Detective Stories* (Harpers) which has been followed by a second ditto. If there's a third we wish Mr. Haycraft would include one of the adventures of Mme. Storey (by Hulbert Footner), one of our favorite sleuths and mysteriously neglected in most listings of detective fiction.

★ ★

☞Mr. Footner's latest crime novel, *Murderer's Vanity,* is good pastime for the Trade as its characters include a high-living publisher, several famous reviewers, and a booksellers' convention. ☞May Lamberton Becker, the learned and delightful *Reader's Guide* of the Herald Tribune *Books,* with her daughter Beatrice Warde, the typographic expert (who lives in London and has written vivid and remarkable letters describing present conditions), have written *Introducing Charles Dickens*. This will presently be published by Dodd, Mead, and is the fruit of years of passionate devotion and humor on the part of this gifted pair. ☞The Chappaqua Coöperative, one of the growing network of associations that try intelligently to solve the tough problems of middle-income families, asked us what books we thought might well be put on sale in their store. The first two that occurred to us (except, of course, some in which we felt a too personal concern) were Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* and Butler's *Way of All Flesh*. ☞But while Mr. Belloc isn't looking someone might suggest a list of suitable books for a suburban coöperative?

★ ★

☞We are much pleased by J. J. Lankes's woodcuts for Gray's Elegy (published by Harpers) illustrating the famous stanzas with rustic American scenes. Tristram Coffin contributes a spirited introduction, and this beautiful volume should rank high on this season's Christmas list. ☞Doubleday Doran is distributing in pamphlet form Whit Burnett's essay on Guido d'Agostino, the able young Italian-American whose first novel is *Olives on the Apple Tree*. ☞Virginia Kirkus says of Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night* "an almost incredible and frightening human document." It deals with alleged underground or under-the-bed worldwide network of communistic activities. ☞Columbia University Press has established what it calls (with scholarly aplomb) an ancilla, or handmaid (not hand-made) assistance, the King's Crown Press. This will issue small editions of rareties and limited appeals. ☞Dr. Milton J. Ferguson, distinguished bibliothecary, and his staff from the Brooklyn Public Library, journeyed recently to a Long Island inn where Chaucer's 600th birthday was celebrated. Dr. Ferguson himself lighted the 600th candle on Chaucer's cake. ☞Democracy has had its pulse felt so frequently (by Dr. Gallup and others) during political fevers that the patient is distinctly restless.

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5. Scarlett O'Hara, in *Gone with the Wind,* by Margaret Mitchell.
6. *Salome,* by Oscar Wilde.
7. *Goody Two-Shoes,* by Oliver Goldsmith.
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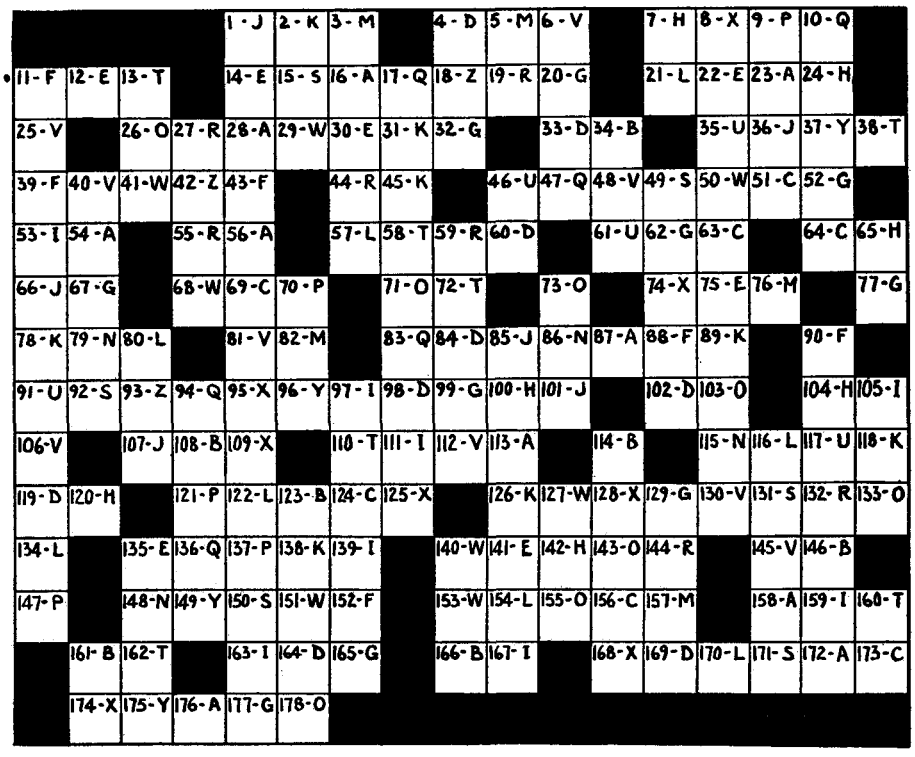
Double-Crostics: No. 346

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Neophyte.

B. Moslem dynasty founded in Egypt (1171-1250).

C. Gone to rack and ruin (comp.)

D. "Burn the midnight oil."

E. Crafty.

F. Companion of Satan (Milton).

G. Inclined to novelties.

H. Flemish painter (1385-1440).

I. Overstrained.

J. Mother of Zeus.

K. Device for regulating water height.

L. Parody.

M. Novel by W. G. Simms.

N. With "old," a nickname for Wellington.

O. Retraction.

P. Potential energy (physics).

Q. Kettledrum.

R. Tipsy.

S. Wandering.

T. 18th century mid-Western Indian.

U. Devastation.

V. Corrupt.

W. Evanescent.

X. Strengthen.

Y. Worthless person.

Z. Animal related to the ostrich.

WORDS

28 158 54 23 16 113 176 87 172 56

114 34 108 166 161 146 123

124 156 63 173 69 64 51

98 169 4 119 33 60 164 102 84

22 30 135 14 141 12 75

11 30 90 43 88 152

165 20 62 129 99 177 52 67 32 77

142 65 24 120 104 100 7

167 97 53 139 105 159 111 163

85 1 107 36 66 101

138 45 126 31 2 89 118 78 109

116 170 154 122 21 80 134 57

157 3 82 5 76

148 86 115 79

26 73 155 71 133 103 178 143

121 70 137 147 9

17 136 94 83 47 10

132 44 19 27 55 59 144

131 92 150 15 171 49

110 13 38 72 160 58 162

46 117 35 61 91

81 6 40 106 145 48 25 112 130

68 41 140 127 29 50 153 151

128 95 174 168 8 74 125

37 149 175 96

42 93 18

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By ELIZABETH C. MOORE
Illustrated by Lyle Justis

HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.